

## "Ole Bung."

Sometimes, when I hear stories of old servants, I remember what my darling grandmother used to tell me about "Ole Bung," who lived with her family in the State of Rhode Island when she was a little girl.

I have heard him described so often that I could fancy I had seen him. He was a native of Guinea, and with his father and mother, had been sold into slavery by white traders. He declared his own father to have been a King, and the prisoner of the one who sold him, who had defeated him in battle.

It was the story his mother told him while they lived together in his childhood. Ole Bung himself was supposed to be one hundred and ten years old. No one knew what his real name was. He called himself Ole Bung, and had been called so for fifty years or more. His wool was white as snow. He had a great mouth still full of teeth, and a pair of eyes like those of a seal, set in a mask of wrinkled ebony.

He was feeble and bent double, and nobody ever gave him any work to do; but he was of the opinion that the family credit depended on him, and that the two little girls—my grandmother and her sister—could only be well brought up by his efforts. He called them "Little Misses," and trotted after them constantly, wrapping them in shawls, and making them put their feet on the little footstools they used every where in winter, and in summer fanning the flies away, and seeing generally to their comfort.

He accompanied them to school and home again, and though he did not know a letter of the alphabet, he always inquired as to their progress, and was stern with them if he thought them negligent, especially of French, music or dancing. When the little girls were about ten years old Ole Bung died. He had been pottering about as usual all day, and walked into the parlor with his white apron on, only a little more slowly than usual. The little girls sat together looking at some new toy, and he sat down on the hearth-rug at their feet.

"Ole Bung going blind," he said. "Ole Bung can't see nothin'."

The children called their mother, and when she came he said to her, pleasantly and calmly:

"Ole Bung going home. Ole Bung done here. Going home quick."

He then took the children's little white hands in his and said:

"When Ole Bung gone, go down cellar, look for a loose brick. Take loose brick out. Find Bung's old stockings. Ole Bung rich. Ole Bung give one stocking to one little Missy, one to 'tender little Missy to remember Ole Bung by. Ole Bung go home now. Hear de angels calling. 'Bung—where are you, Ole Bung?'"

Then he stretched himself out on the rug and seemed to sleep.

His mistress put a little stone over his grave, with something of his story on it, and later they looked for the loose brick in the cellar. It was really there, and two blue yarn stockings, full of small coins, were hidden under it. It seemed likely that Ole Bung had been saving all his presents for a good many years, and felt himself a wealthy man. He had saved, in all, perhaps fifty dollars, and the stockings were both quite full.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

## Filter Your Cider.

If you want to have some cider that is clear, that will keep well and taste well, do this way: In the bottom of a clean barrel (a sugar barrel is best), bore a lot of holes with a half-inch auger. Place in the bottom a clean piece of woolen cloth; a piece of old blanket will do if it is clean. Then put in about an inch of charcoal broken up quite fine. On this place three inches of fine, clear sand; then put in another layer of charcoal and then one of sand, until you get the barrel half full. Over the top of the barrel put two thicknesses of cloth for a strainer (we used a piece of blanket for this), allowing it to sag down pretty well, so it will hold about two buckets of cider. Now set the barrel on two slats over a big tub in the cellar near the cider barrels, and you are ready for business. Draw off a couple of buckets of cider and pour it into the filter. It will take quite a while for it to work through, so you do not need to watch it; but whenever you go down cellar just pour in a couple of buckets drawn from the cider barrel. In this way you filter a barrel or two of cider with very little work. It will come out clear and sparkling, free of all the dirt and dregs that not only spoil the taste, but by their decomposition hasten the souring of the cider. The cider will be enough better to pay for the bother of the filtering, whether sold or kept for home use.—*N. E. Homestead.*

## Did Him a Favor.

A few days since a prominent member of the Board of Trade was summoned to sit as a jurymen in one of the courts of record. Now, however much business men may regret that our jury system is such that incompetent and unfit men may get upon juries, they do not care to improve the system at personal loss, and each term of court sees the gentleman in question made an applicant to be excused, and, after being sworn, stated that he could not serve except at considerable pecuniary loss to himself.

"What is the nature of your business?" inquired the Court.

"I am a grain merchant."

"Where do you transact your business principally?"

"On the Board of Trade."

"Well, I think I shall, under the circumstances, do you a favor."

"Thank your Honor," said the merchant, being gratefully and starting forward.

"Hold on, hold on!" exclaimed the Court. "The favor I refer to is this: If you were to go down to the Board of Trade you would likely get cornered on wheat (is that the correct term?) and lose your money. I'll save you from loss by keeping you here. Swear the jury, Mr. Clerk!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

## HOME AND FARM.

To remove tar, rub thoroughly with clean lard, and then wash with soap and warm water. This may be applied to either the hands or clothing.—*Detroit Post.*

A good way to test the purity of silk is to burn a sample. If it burns up quickly, and flares and blazes, it is partly cotton. If it burns slowly and makes an ash it is silk.

To make oyster stuffing for roast turkey take enough stale bread to fill the turkey, grate and season it well with butter, salt and pepper and a little savory; moisten a little with the oyster liquor, and add as many oysters as desired. A turkey stuffed with oysters should be eaten with oyster sauce.—*Chicago News.*

"The question is often asked," says an Iowa farmer, "how long orchard grass will remain in the soil. In a recent visit to one of my father's old farms I found it growing in the orchard where it has grown continually for twenty-six years, without re-sowing—this in latitude 40 1-2. The more I see of this grass the better I like it."

Quinces baked with the skins on are delicious when served warm; put one on a saucer at each place. If mashed with a knife, the core is easily removed; then put on a little butter and plenty of sugar. In the process of baking, the quince loses the strong taste which is disagreeable to many, and retains a delicate flavor that is excellent.—*Berlin Journal.*

Buyers of merino sheep are warned against being "taken in" by a device practiced by certain Vermont dealers, who use lamp-back and oil on inferior animals to give them the requisite color and "gentleness." These "doctored" sheep are kept housed and blanketed to prevent "bleaching out," and finally are carried out of the State by brokers or jobbers to be sold wherever they can find a market for them.

Pork from hogs killed in early winter may be preserved fresh for cooking the following spring and summer by first putting it in brine for eight or ten days, or sufficiently salted to be palatable. Then cut it into slices as for the table; fry it about half as much as for eating and then pack in jars, pouring the melted grease over it. Properly covered and set away in a cool place, as lard is kept. When warm weather comes, and fresh meats are desirable, take out the slices as needed, and finish frying them. They will be found to be as fresh and as good to eat as pork can be, the lard having kept them sweet and pure.

Rice and Apple Pudding: Boil two heaping tablespoonsful of best rice, with a little salt, in half a pint of new milk. When quite soft, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, sweeten to taste, and let it cook three minutes. Remove from the fire, and line a pudding dish with it, and fill up the center with some pared and cored apples, which have been steamed soft in sugar and water, with the juice and grated peel of one lemon. Fill up the cores of the apples with apple jelly. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and put them over the apples and rice, scatter sugar over them, and brown for a few minutes in the oven. Serve with whipped cream sauce.—*The Household.*

## Take Care of the Flesh.

Every pound of flesh which has accumulated on the steers in the pasture for the past eight months is valuable. No man, rich or poor, can afford to let that flesh and fat go to support the body and the cold winds of winter. Though it may cost much to keep them growing and improving yet no other course will pay. Those who have taken steers to feed to be paid a certain amount for each pound of increase, will find winter-feeding costly, especially with dear and shrunken corn. And yet they should be pushed. It is not merely the value of the pounds put on, but each pound added, increases the value per pound of the entire steer. With good, warm, and comfortable quarters, there can be a considerable certainty as to the increase which can be added to each steer, or at least the average of a lot.

There is, however, considerable difference in the increase, with well illustrated by experiments made by the Illinois Industrial University. They turned eight steers of apparent uniform health on the best pasture on the 1st of last May. Most of them, says the *Gazette*, were fourteen or fifteen months old then—some were older, and one a calf of seven months. Three of them were in rather high flesh, the others in good store condition. They were on good pasture during the summer, and were weighed again November 2d, six months later. They ranged in weight from 735 pounds to 1,095 pounds. The gains during the six months were 245, 255, 270, 270, 280, 290, 355 and 385 pounds. The second largest gain was made by the eldest steer; the second smallest by the youngest. But the largest and smallest gains were by two steers of about the same age, and with nothing to indicate that one would probably do better than the other. The average gain was 295 pounds each; the average weight being almost exactly 900 pounds. A monthly gain of over 60 pounds during the season is quite satisfactory; the average in this case was 49 pounds. The variations well illustrate the danger of untrustworthy results where trials are made with single animals.

This shows at the best time of year and under most favorable circumstances a gain of one and a third pounds per day. In cold and disagreeable weather it could be easily reduced to one pound per day, or with poor care even with extravagant feeding the increase may be reduced to zero. Those are subjects for consideration by those who take steers to feed, or those who are feeding their own corn to their own steers. If a steer eats a peck of corn and thirty pounds of hay, and gains one pound of flesh, a man may approximate the cost of each pound of increase. Several have inquired of us what they can afford to feed steers for per pound. It is easy to figure it out, the amount and cost of food per day, the cost of care and feeding, and the reasonably probable increase per day.—*Iowa State Register.*

The editor of the *London Lancet* has ascertained that women often wear a weight of clothes such as few men would care to carry.

## Great Men's Stomachs.

The power to eat well and to digest well is not an element of greatness, but it is often essential to the success of great intellectual efforts, involving—as in the forum—high and long-sustained feeling, and broad and comprehensive argument. The brain is food digested; and thought, feeling, fancy, will and expression are possible, in their higher forms, only as the brain is well fed, just as well-fed muscles are essential to a successful athlete.

Luther had a good digestion, and could go to Worms through as many "devils as there were tiles on the rooftops;" and he was, moreover, as genial as he was heroic, and kept his house filled with joy and song.

Calvin's digestion was exceedingly weak, and no warm sunshine played on the grand, cold mountains of his intellect and his theology.

Robert Hall, the great pulpit orator of England, once exclaimed, "I eat like a hog, and I preach like a hog."

Much in the character of Dr. Johnson is explained by the fact that he was in the habit of taxing a voracious stomach to the utmost.

Carey, the cobbler, who, without any academic education, became the founder of modern missions, the translator of the Bible into forty of the dialects of India, Professor of Sanskrit in the British college at Fort William, and the first Orientalist of the day, besides doing enough other work to immortalize average men, was largely indebted to vigorous digestion that was never absent.

Says the *Medical News*, speaking of Carlyle, who began early to suffer from dyspepsia, "The gloomy view he took of the constitution of modern society was a reflex of the mental depression due to bad digestion. His railings and wallows over the degeneracy of the times, his hopelessness of any improvement, and his mean opinion of all the literary men and women with whom he came in contact, had their origin in the same morbid state."—*Youth's Companion.*

## Rats Invading Paris.

Paris is just now suffering acutely from an invasion of rats. When the Seine rose during the recent floods it drove *le rongeur* from the comfortable filth and unholliness of his home in the sewer. The ejected army of rats has billeted itself in more comfortable winter quarters in the Rue Dauphine, in the Rue de Bac, the Rue des Saints-Pères, for instance, taking possession with the greatest coolness, and maintaining strict military order in its obedience to a common General. The houses on the river bank they have avoided, keeping well to the boulevards. Unless some propitious deity like the famous "L'Homme aux Rats" in Hoffman's story disperses them, no one knows when the end will be. Some of the host are said to be enormous in size, as big as cats, says one chronicler, of unparalleled audacity, and with teeth long enough and sharp enough to take a piece clean out of a Deputy's leg with impunity. They turn up in all sorts of odd places—in boots, trousers, petticoats, in boxes, drawers—and one bonnie who resided *au rez-de-chaussée* nearly died from the shock when she surprised an enterprising rodent in her bed. However, the *horribles bêtes* are not to have it all their own way, for an opposing array of all the available dogs and cats is being levied, and the cafes are ringing with the bells of the various champions. "Le terrier" of a St. Dennis butcher, has especially distinguished himself; four hundred of the enemy has he slain with his own teeth; he now lies in hospital, but with honorable scars.—*Paris Mail Gazette.*

—Brook trout, observes the *Hartford Courant*, take perfectly naturally to salt water—adding that in Connecticut the streams which empty into Long Island Sound furnish the largest trout that are caught in the State, while some of the heaviest and finest trout ever shown in New York have been Long Island trout, the best of which run up from the ocean. The present winter has caught trout in brackish streams near Great South Bay, whose bite was as sluggish as mud-sucker's, and the flesh of a decided salmon tint and very delicate flavor.

—Germantown, Pa., has a person who can eat a pound of soap, a half pound of candles and drink a pint of lard oil at a single meal. His name is William Manuel, and at one time he filled a regular engagement at a saloon giving exhibitions of his ostrich-like appetite.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1887.	
CATTLE—Exports.....	3 00 @ 4 00
COTTON—Middling.....	6 00 @ 6 25
COFFEE—Good to Choice.....	1 10 @ 1 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 07 @ 1 08
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	42 @ 43
OATS—Western Mixed.....	42 @ 43
PORK—New Mess.....	18 25 @ 19 00
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling.....	6 00 @ 6 25
COFFEE—Good to Choice.....	1 10 @ 1 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 07 @ 1 08
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	42 @ 43
OATS—Western Mixed.....	42 @ 43
PORK—New Mess.....	18 25 @ 19 00
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Exports.....	3 00 @ 4 00
COTTON—Middling.....	6 00 @ 6 25
COFFEE—Good to Choice.....	1 10 @ 1 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 07 @ 1 08
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	42 @ 43
OATS—Western Mixed.....	42 @ 43
PORK—New Mess.....	18 25 @ 19 00

—The power to eat well and to digest well is not an element of greatness, but it is often essential to the success of great intellectual efforts, involving—as in the forum—high and long-sustained feeling, and broad and comprehensive argument. The brain is food digested; and thought, feeling, fancy, will and expression are possible, in their higher forms, only as the brain is well fed, just as well-fed muscles are essential to a successful athlete.

Luther had a good digestion, and could go to Worms through as many "devils as there were tiles on the rooftops;" and he was, moreover, as genial as he was heroic, and kept his house filled with joy and song.

Calvin's digestion was exceedingly weak, and no warm sunshine played on the grand, cold mountains of his intellect and his theology.

Robert Hall, the great pulpit orator of England, once exclaimed, "I eat like a hog, and I preach like a hog."

Much in the character of Dr. Johnson is explained by the fact that he was in the habit of taxing a voracious stomach to the utmost.

Carey, the cobbler, who, without any academic education, became the founder of modern missions, the translator of the Bible into forty of the dialects of India, Professor of Sanskrit in the British college at Fort William, and the first Orientalist of the day, besides doing enough other work to immortalize average men, was largely indebted to vigorous digestion that was never absent.

Says the *Medical News*, speaking of Carlyle, who began early to suffer from dyspepsia, "The gloomy view he took of the constitution of modern society was a reflex of the mental depression due to bad digestion. His railings and wallows over the degeneracy of the times, his hopelessness of any improvement, and his mean opinion of all the literary men and women with whom he came in contact, had their origin in the same morbid state."—*Youth's Companion.*

Paris is just now suffering acutely from an invasion of rats. When the Seine rose during the recent floods it drove *le rongeur* from the comfortable filth and unholliness of his home in the sewer. The ejected army of rats has billeted itself in more comfortable winter quarters in the Rue Dauphine, in the Rue de Bac, the Rue des Saints-Pères, for instance, taking possession with the greatest coolness, and maintaining strict military order in its obedience to a common General. The houses on the river bank they have avoided, keeping well to the boulevards. Unless some propitious deity like the famous "L'Homme aux Rats" in Hoffman's story disperses them, no one knows when the end will be. Some of the host are said to be enormous in size, as big as cats, says one chronicler, of unparalleled audacity, and with teeth long enough and sharp enough to take a piece clean out of a Deputy's leg with impunity. They turn up in all sorts of odd places—in boots, trousers, petticoats, in boxes, drawers—and one bonnie who resided *au rez-de-chaussée* nearly died from the shock when she surprised an enterprising rodent in her bed. However, the *horribles bêtes* are not to have it all their own way, for an opposing array of all the available dogs and cats is being levied, and the cafes are ringing with the bells of the various champions. "Le terrier" of a St. Dennis butcher, has especially distinguished himself; four hundred of the enemy has he slain with his own teeth; he now lies in hospital, but with honorable scars.—*Paris Mail Gazette.*

—Brook trout, observes the *Hartford Courant*, take perfectly naturally to salt water—adding that in Connecticut the streams which empty into Long Island Sound furnish the largest trout that are caught in the State, while some of the heaviest and finest trout ever shown in New York have been Long Island trout, the best of which run up from the ocean. The present winter has caught trout in brackish streams near Great South Bay, whose bite was as sluggish as mud-sucker's, and the flesh of a decided salmon tint and very delicate flavor.

—Germantown, Pa., has a person who can eat a pound of soap, a half pound of candles and drink a pint of lard oil at a single meal. His name is William Manuel, and at one time he filled a regular engagement at a saloon giving exhibitions of his ostrich-like appetite.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1887.	
CATTLE—Exports.....	3 00 @ 4 00
COTTON—Middling.....	6 00 @ 6 25
COFFEE—Good to Choice.....	1 10 @ 1 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 07 @ 1 08
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	42 @ 43
OATS—Western Mixed.....	42 @ 43
PORK—New Mess.....	18 25 @ 19 00
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling.....	6 00 @ 6 25
COFFEE—Good to Choice.....	1 10 @ 1 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 07 @ 1 08
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	42 @ 43
OATS—Western Mixed.....	42 @ 43
PORK—New Mess.....	18 25 @ 19 00
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Exports.....	3 00 @ 4 00
COTTON—Middling.....	6 00 @ 6 25
COFFEE—Good to Choice.....	1 10 @ 1 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 07 @ 1 08
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	42 @ 43
OATS—Western Mixed.....	42 @ 43
PORK—New Mess.....	18 25 @ 19 00

Fashion writers say velvet will be much worn this winter. This means that it will be threadbare by spring.

Chicago's First Citizen.

The Chicago Tribune, in closing an elaborate article on Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of that city, gives the following as Mr. Harrison's opinion of St. Jacobs Oil: "When I first found myself suffering from the rheumatism, my leading thought naturally was to call a physician, but my neighbors all advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. The Great German Remedy. I procured some of it immediately, and found it excellent for that ailment."

No, PAUL, the window of the soul is not a pane in the stomach.—*Marathon Independent.*

An Age of Suspicion.

Truly, this is an age of suspicion. Nevertheless, Captain F. M. Hovey, of the steamer William Crane, Merchants' & Miners' Transportation Line between Boston and Baltimore, who suffered severely from rheumatism, caused by the exposure incident to his profession, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. This is no suspicion.—*Boston Globe.*

"SAM" said an old colored man down at the post-office to another old coddler, "What's a meanin' of vers-vers?" "It means tother from which," answered Sam, with great dignity. "I dunno," said the first one. "I think it means tother down." "No," retorted his friend, "I see done such a means hand sinned." "A third old fellow came by just then and they appealed the question to him. 'I cannot despise a perfectly,' he said, 'go to meet your comprehension, but vers-vers is a 'proprietion from de Latin and means wass and wuss and mo' of it. I members stumblin' ober it at college. It am hard word to pronounce.' He ambled along with his back awry, and the two who had referred to him looked after him with respect and admiration, wondering that 'one head could carry all he knew.'—*Detroit Post.*

Mr. R. V. Murphy, of Baltimore, Ky., writes: "I would sooner do without my object than I would without St. Jacobs Oil. It means tother from which," answered Sam, with great dignity. "I dunno," said the first one. "I think it means tother down." "No," retorted his friend, "I see done such a means hand sinned." "A third old fellow came by just then and they appealed the question to him. 'I cannot despise a perfectly,' he said, 'go to meet your comprehension, but vers-vers is a 'proprietion from de Latin and means wass and wuss and mo' of it. I members stumblin' ober it at college. It am hard word to pronounce.' He ambled along with his back awry, and the two who had referred to him looked after him with respect and admiration, wondering that 'one head could carry all he knew.'—*Detroit Post.*

Loss of Confidence.—The Reverend Whendoodle Baxter, recently met Jim Webster on Austin avenue. "What's de reason, James, dat I doesn't see yer at de church no mosht?" asked Whendoodle. "Bekase I wuz dere dar, I recollect," said Webster, "yer dar, I'll tell you, Parson, perzily how dat am. Eber since I stole den turkeys outen your hen-coop I has done lost all confidence in yim."—*Times Herald.*

Riches in Hop Farming.

At the present prices, ten acres in hops will bring more money than five hundred acres in any other farming, said, if there is a country or dealer who thinks the price of Hop Bitters high, remember that hops are \$1.25 per lb., and the quantity and quality of hops in Hop Bitters and the price remains the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuff or imitations because the price is less.

Wholly uncalculated for—A dead letter.—*Local Citizen.*

Personal.

THE VOLTAIC BELL CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and many virtues. Address: Dr. Dye, Voltaic Bell Co., Marshall, Mich.

There is a marked difference between getting up with the lark and staying up to hear one.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Case Not Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kenosha, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quack Consumption. As a last resort, she was persuaded to try Dr. Wm. H. Hays' Balsam for the Lungs. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her usual work, and her lungs were better and had no idea she could recover."

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man—when you get it red-hot it loses its temper.

"Durability is better than show." Durability of health is worth more than the wealth of a Vanderbilt. Kidney-Wort is man's copalator in maintaining health. With healthy liver, bowels and kidneys, men and women will always be in good health. If the bowels are torpid, if the kidneys are weak, if the liver is clogged, get a pack of Kidney-Wort and be cured without more suffering.

There is nothing like a molasses-candy pulling to make young people candid when giving lively.—*New Haven Register.*

If you are a woman and want both health and beauty, remember that all superficial efforts to increase your personal charms are vain. Freshness and beauty accompany health. Add to secure this Mrs. J. E. Fink's remedies for all female weaknesses offer the sure means of renovation. The highest intelligence loses its luster when it must find expression through a bilious complexion. Good for either sex.

A pointer: If you can't spell, write such a can that nobody can tell what the letters are.

What Physicians Say.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buff. N. Y.: Dear Sir—Have employed your "Pess-nut Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alternative or cathartic medicine in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them. J. A. MILLER, M. D.

How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfeeling remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

Even half a loaf is better than losing all the time. Many poor people of the working class will testify to this version of the proverb.—*Chicago Times.*

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is a scourge of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as scurvy, cholera, diphtheria, ulcers and "liver complaint."

Mr. P. S. Grimore has lost his favorite cow. The new year starts out well.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The most brilliant shades possible on all dyes are made by the Diamond Dyes. Equipped for brilliancy and durability. 10 cts.

You can never rely upon an echo. Does not Shakespeare speak of the cave where Echo last.—*Boston Courier.*

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared to cure and will cure Headache of all kinds, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Dyspepsia. Proved and endorsed by physicians.

"I'm a man of husbandry," said the widow who made her fourth coupling.

For the cure of a cough or sore throat, "Benson's Bronchial Troches" are a simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

What is a shoe like a house-girl? Because it is made of aw-work.

"Dr. Benson's Skin Cure eradicated my pimples. They used to break out continually." Says T. Harrison, Rochester, N. Y. \$1 at druggists.

A man writes to an editor for forty dollars, "because he is terribly short," and gets a reply: "Go long."

For thick heads, heavy stomachs, biliousness, "Wells' Apple Pills," cathartic. 10 and 25c.

Protection for home industries. A lock on the pantry door.

SKINNY MAN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1.

ELDEST DAUGHTER (aged ten): "I wonder what made me marry a man? He is not at all the sort of man I should have cared for!"

Fraser Axle Grease.

The Fraser Axle Grease lasts four times as long as any other. Use it, and save your horses and wagons. A trial will prove that we are right.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Cures coughs and colds. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

GET LYON'S Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

Try the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

ILL Catalogue of 300 Books free to any address. Agents Wanted. Nat'l Book Co., 728 Broadway, N. Y.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5.

BRANT & STRATTON Business and Telegraph Printing. 600 students last season. Send for circular.

SHORT-HAND Instruction by mail. Send for Circular. H. A. Barnes, 506 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY and railroad business. Good situation. Best chance ever offered. Ad. J. D. Brown, Mgr., Sedalia, Mo.

\$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—80 best locations. Address: A. J. Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

\$47 A MONTH and board in your country. Men or Ladies. Pleasant Business. Address: P. W. Ziegler & Co., Box 94, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Hair Dressing and Hair Oil. Address: J. S. H. & Co., 38 Duane St., N. Y.

HAIR

SAW MILLS